Sidestory written by _bluebells, set during Desperate: Lie back and lie to my face (Lucifer/Michael, NC-17)

Supernatural += Lie back and lie to my face (Lucifer/Michael, NC-17, 3600w)

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» **Title:** Lie back and lie to my face
» **Fandom:** Supernatural
» **Warnings:** AU (all human), angelcest, alcohol
» **Pairing(s)/Characters:** Lucifer/Michael
» **Summary:** His entire body is thrumming with heat and a toneless song that he can only qualify as *joy* and it's the closest to Heaven he's felt since he became human.

» **A/N:** This is an (arguably PWP) companion piece to zekkass' story Desperate,

which I recommend you read first. These stories form part of zekkass' larger AU where the archangels have become human after the events of Season 5 and begins here. Kudos for letting me hijack your 'verse for this diversion, lovely.

Michael can't stop laughing and he doesn't know why.

Gabriel had sat them down to watch a story about wars in the stars, and now there was a blond man hanging off a pole crying as the larger man in black tried to coax him back to the ledge.

The blond man just cried some more.

Michael's sides were splitting and – wait, where'd his wine gone?

His wine glass is suddenly only half-full and he lifts his arms to check his corner of the couch, but it's difficult with Lucifer stuck to his side.

Lucifer seems impervious to Michael's attempts to move, leaning like a dead weight as his brother shifts to the couch's edge. Lucifer scowls at the television in sleepy dejection.

"Say 'yes'," Lucifer moans, pitifully, and Michael realises he's talking to the movie. "Jus' say 'yes'!"

The mourning in his voice makes Michael blink, the blond man plummets from the pole, and Lucifer looks so crestfallen Michael laughs hard enough that he falls off the couch. Which, confusingly, doesn't hurt at all. The carpet is so *soft.*

His laughter rings loud in the dark living room as he rolls onto his back. Lucifer's flopped on the seat cushion and sulks at him.

"He should have gone home," Lucifer says, and he sounds too miserable for Michael to deal with right now because *he* is so happy, everywhere's so *warm* and when he flings an arm out to his other brothers, it occurs to him that Raphael and Gabriel are missing.

And then it comes back to him in fuzzy pieces: commotion on the couch before Lucifer ploughed into his side, an arm clamping around his waist, the sound of argument rising above the television.…

And after that, Michael's got nothing. His head thunks back to the carpet.

Lucifer reaches down to where Michael's sprawled and picks his wine glass from the floor. Michael finally notices the red stain down his shirt and spotted in the carpet.

"Oh."

It looks like blood.

Lucifer frowns when Michael snorts into another giggling fit imagining the infuriated look Gabriel would wear in the morning. Gabriel always looked so silly when he got angry, but smiling… he was good at smiling. Maybe Michael could do something to make him smile more.

He shucks off his shirt and tries rubbing the spots in the carpet, but it just makes them smear further.

"It didn't work," Lucifer says as they both regard the shirt in Michael's hand.

Michael chuckles under his breath with a sheepish smile and pushes the disused shirt under the coffee table where Gabriel will never find it.

He holds a finger to his lips and Lucifer cocks his head, confused, as Michael crawls, then uses the armchair, the wall, to pull himself up towards the hall.

"Where are you going?" Lucifer calls after him, sounding worried.

Michael points to the ceiling without looking back.

"I'm going to… I'm going."

Somewhere. Up. Shirt.

He bounces off the wall when he tries to round the corner. His shoulder barely feels the impact.

Michael climbs the stairs to find another shirt, bemused as the wall continued finding its way into his path (how did that keep happening?) and he must have taken the wrong turn when he fell down to one knee at the fork in the hallway because this is not his room.

This is Lucifer's room.

Michael chuckles at the thought he'll have to turn and go *all* the way back, but then there are hands under his stomach where the warmth is bubbling and he's swiftly lifted to his feet.

Oh, that was fun.

Michael's hands cover those still over his stomach and he twists around.

Lucifer looks confused, careful, as he searches Michael's face and holds him steady.

Michael's cheeks hurt with the force of his grin.

"Wrong room," He blurts before he starts laughing again and then Lucifer's hands are

moving up his naked back and Michael's giggles cut off with a hiccupping shiver. "Your hands are cold."

"Yeah," Lucifer says, almost sounding like an apology.

He glances down at Michael's chest, stomach and his gaze just keeps travelling lower. Michael's not sure why he does what he does next, but the idea makes his smile widen: he takes Lucifer's hands and pushes them under his belt, flat against the jut of his hipbones where he knows he's warm under the denim.

He meets Lucifer's lightly suspicious frown.

"You fit," Michael says, bright smile of surprise. "You're really cold."

"You said that already," Lucifer tells him.

It's unfortunately not as funny, nice or comfortable as it looked when Michael saw that couple do it on Gabriel's television and he thinks about removing Lucifer's hands, but then Lucifer's fingers push and curl against the lines of his pelvis and Michael jumps.

That was… interesting.

"That tickles," Michael rolls his jaw with the new smile inspired by the jolts of heat through those muscles where Lucifer's touched, despite his puzzling cold.

Lucifer raises an eyebrow and Michael notes his brother's closed in, knees bumping as Lucifer's hips brush his hands trapped between them.

"Tickles?" Lucifer prompts.

Michael hums an amused note of agreement.

"Are you sure?"

Michael nods and doesn't know why *he just can't stop grinning*, but it could have something to do with the irrepressibly happy way his entire body is thrumming with heat and a toneless song that he can only qualify as *joy* and it's the closest to Heaven he's felt since he became human.

This is probably what 'awesome' felt like.

At least, he thinks that's all 'awesome' could feel like, until Lucifer tugs him closer by his waistbelt, a hand catching the back of his neck and kisses him.

He snorts a laugh against Lucifer's lips when their teeth bump and Michael's pretty sure his lower lip might be bleeding, but Lucifer's tongue laves over it. His hand squeezes at the back of his neck, tight, relieving pressure that makes Michael gasp and Lucifer licks into his mouth slow, deep and hungry. It's wet and hot, Lucifer slides against his tongue, and Michael realises *kissing* is awesome.

This was kissing, right?

"Are you kissing me?" He checks, air coming with unexpected difficulty when Lucifer draws back for the briefest moment and the question ends up formed against his lips. He spends about three seconds pondering the paradox of Lucifer's cold skin and warm (*hot*) mouth, then realises he doesn't care enough to pull back the hands he, at some point, latched onto Lucifer's hips.

Lucifer nods a moment later.

“I’m pretty sure this is kissing,” He says, suspiciously familiar note of false ignorance in his voice that makes Michael stare, but then Lucifer kisses him again and Michael stops wondering.

He moans with the force of it, eyes sliding shut as Lucifer’s kiss tilts him back, but it ends as another slow, shaking laugh when he feels himself tip off-balance. Lucifer’s hands catch his waist and he walks Michael back, fingers working at the belt and buttons of Michael’s pants with surprising dexterity. He has a feeling Lucifer’s done this before and for some reason that makes him smile all over again.

“Why are you smiling?” Lucifer asks, flicking the last button open.

Michael takes the opportunity to push Lucifer’s shirt up as far as his shoulders before his brother decides to help and pulls it the rest of the way over his head. Lucifer’s hair ends up mussed and Michael ruffles a hand through, making it worse. It’s hilarious… and charming, especially for the question in Lucifer’s eyes.

“You know what you’re doing,” Michael counters, the curl of his mouth feeling more like a smirk when he initiates their next kiss. It’s sloppier than the first and, he’s not sure, but that could be his fault. He holds onto Lucifer’s shoulders as the world sways (or maybe that’s just him) and then Lucifer’s falling with him onto the bed.

“I might have some ideas,” Lucifer admits with a small smile that makes the warmth in Michael’s chest expand and he can’t help smiling back.

Lucifer raises himself onto his elbows kissing the skin below Michael’s jaw. Michael’s eyes slip shut with a blissful groan and he can’t decide if he’s happier more about being horizontal on something soft or the fluttery warm way his body sparks everywhere Lucifer touches him.

He’s so damn comfortable.

He chuckles, not exactly happy at the possibility he was starting to think like Gabriel, but then Lucifer’s mouth latches beneath his jaw with the shock of tongue, teeth and *suction* and Michael’s head falls back against the pillows with a soft groan.

Everywhere he touches Lucifer, his brother is cold. He was human now, that didn’t make sense.

Lucifer’s body moulds to his, falling between Michael’s thighs and a rush of heat makes him buck, heady and powerful, when Lucifer’s hips grind up against his. There’s a throb of heat, almost painful, where Lucifer’s pressed against him, but it hurts a little less when Lucifer leans in, rolling with weight and pressure and it’s *so good.*

“Ugh, God… do that again,” Michael groans, then freezes a moment too late when he realises what he’s just said and Lucifer looks up into his face.

“God?”

Michael can hear the smirk in his voice, retribution for all the times Michael rebuked Gabriel’s blasphemy. He stares resolutely at the white painted ceiling.

“I didn’t say that.”

“Let’s not talk about Dad right now,” Lucifer agrees and Michael wants to punch him for the arrogant playfulness in his tone, except then Lucifer’s cold palm slides down his chest, his hips dragging up and rolling back down as he bites, then kisses at Michael’s jaw and Michael… cannot… function.

He feels boneless, shaking, and constrained for a reason he can’t explain and it’s

definitely starting to hurt. The warm flush has spread to a fever pitch through his bones until he feels like he's a single, quivering mass of nerves and everything feels *good*. Everything is singing.

He jerks in surprise the next time Lucifer moves against him, noting the uncomfortable obstacle of metal buttons they never quite got out of the way, and then the strange hardness that presses down against his own.

When did that happen?

"What is that?" Michael asks just as Lucifer reaches his lips.

"What?" Lucifer blinks, startled at the interruption.

Michael looks down between their bodies where it's hot, hard, and he aches.

"What is that?"

A mischievous smile slowly lifts Lucifer's mouth and it makes the heat rush through Michael again, down between his thighs where that hardness pulses painfully, makes his fingers curl tightly against Lucifer's arms.

"Want to find out?"

"Take off your pants," Michael says instead.

Lucifer's smile turns bemused, but he sits back on his haunches, Michael barely strangles a noise of protest when the weight lifts from his hips. Raised slightly over Michael, Lucifer drags the sweatpants down as far as his hipbones. A thought seems to occur to him and he searches Michael's face carefully.

"Do you trust me?"

"No," Michael snorts a laugh, gaze inadvertently drawn back to Lucifer's hips where his thumbs are still hooked in the waistband, pushed low enough to show the sharp lines of his pelvis and Michael sees what he suspects was the new hardness tenting Lucifer's pants, but the only thing he's thinking is *why did Lucifer stop?*

Lucifer doesn't seem to realise Michael's mouth is watering as his brother hovers there, and shrugs. Michael wants the weight of him back and has to fight the maddening urge to yank Lucifer's stupid, cold self back down.

"Do you want to feel good?" Lucifer offers and Michael glares at him, fingers curling in the sheets.

"I felt fine until you sat up."

"'Fine'?" Lucifer parrots, undeterred when Michael scoffs, exasperated and shakes his head.

Lucifer's hand slides under Michael's briefs where his pants have been worked open and Michael's entire body jerks, shudders, when cold closes around him. The pulse of pleasure is sudden and shocking and Michael moans against the ache of it when Lucifer's hand squeezes, tugs gently in an upward stroke. Lucifer's palms are surprisingly smooth and, oh, g….

He needs more of this. He *needs.*

"Do you want to feel better?"

The question’s asked against his lips and Michael hadn’t realised he’d closed his eyes.

Lucifer’s crawled up the bed to hover over him, his breath is hot and smells like wine, so why was the rest of him so cold?

Michael’s throat strings together noise, but they fall short of words. He’s just trying to pull Lucifer back close, but his arms are suddenly leaden and Lucifer is immovable as a stone above him. His eyes slip involuntarily shut when Lucifer strokes him again, pulls him free of his briefs and that inexplicable suffocation Michael had been feeling disappears. He huffs relief, but it quickly hitches in a strangled groan, back arching and his knees drawing up, because Lucifer’s hand is still moving, stroking with his skittering dry touch and Michael realises Lucifer’s been saying his name.

“What?” His voice is hoarse as he blinks his eyes open, but how was he supposed to speak if Lucifer kept touching (clenching, tugging) him like that?

Lucifer blurs into focus just in time for everything to blur in confusion again, Lucifer’s mouth crashing against his. His chest tightens as Lucifer moans against his tongue, wet open-mouthed kisses that trail with teeth over his lips.

He chases Lucifer the next time Lucifer draws back, kisses him slow and hard through the mutual shiver as he thrusts into Lucifer’s hand.

“You want to feel better?” Lucifer gasps into his mouth and that does get Michael’s eyes open.

Wasn’t this better already?

Lucifer chuckles at the look on his face, but Michael still nods, feeling taut and starving with this new, almost frightening, need. His fingers swipe through the sweat on Lucifer’s brow and rest at the corner of his guileless smile. He liked that smile.

Something changes in Lucifer’s expression, falling pensive and searching, as Michael’s fingers linger at his mouth. Michael’s sharp inhalation is harsh in his own ears as Lucifer kisses him firmly and confusingly sweeter than the other times, but Michael likes kissing, so he lets Lucifer crush him down into the bed. Lucifer’s hand pushes back through Michael’s hair, other hand stilled between their bodies, and Michael relaxes a little.

Lucifer kisses his ear, his neck and keeps moving downwards as Michael realises with frustration that the warm, thrumming haze of wine is fading. He doesn’t want his head clear for this, where knocks hurt, the words flowed more freely, and Michael would risk thinking about *after*, so he shuts his eyes until he successfully sinks back under the fog and digs hands into Lucifer’s shoulders.

Lucifer’s hands have moved to brace his torso, fingers skimming Michael’s ribs and the definition of his muscles, his nipples (and Michael grunted in surprise when Lucifer sank his teeth in a light bite, that one hurt), his navel and Lucifer follows every brush with the exploration of his sucking, biting kisses. It’s a confusing cold-hot-ice-searing trail between his hands and tongue that go straight to Michael’s groin and he’s pretty sure the tension’s going to strangle him soon if Lucifer didn’t do… something.

He has a momentary wrench of worry because he’s already shaking, tension wrought low and tight and could there really still be better? Was better still safe?

By the time Lucifer’s nibbling and sucking a particular spot on his pelvis, Michael is pretty sure where he’s going with this. The muscles in his stomach tighten as Lucifer’s hands curl around his hips.

Lucifer looks confused when Michael sits up, pushing him back with a hand on his shoulder.

“What?” Lucifer frowns.

Michael bites down the groan at the low-deep throb when he sees Lucifer’s red, swollen lips, but it makes the ache pulse like a flare of heat between his thighs, he doesn’t know if it’s good or bad, but it’s a lot, it’s confusing, and he’s afraid of what’s going to happen if it builds anymore.

He blinks at Lucifer, mouth working to form words, but they’re all malformed and he doesn’t know what to say because he’s not sure what he wants to do; he feels so good, so *high*, he just… he just—

“Hey,” He hears Lucifer saying and realises Lucifer’s sitting up, too. His hands rest on Michael’s thigh, cup his neck, and he’s smiling again. “It’s okay.”

Michael likes that smile. He closes his eyes when Lucifer kisses him gently, reaches up to hold Lucifer’s face and trace the light stubble on his jaw. Something in his chest loosens just enough for him to breathe out and when he pulls away this time he knows he’s smiling, too. Lucifer ducks in once more, chaste and brief, before the hand on Michael’s thigh draws his knee up further and Michael swallows thickly.

“Lie back and think of the stars,” Lucifer quips with gentle fingers at his collarbone and a quirked smile.

“Do I have to?” Michael raises an eyebrow.

“Trust me.”

And there it was again.

Lucifer shrugs when Michael stays where he is, but as soon as Lucifer’s mouth closes around his cock, tongue laving at the slit, Michael wishes he had. He curses and he’s not sure what he says, bowing over Lucifer in his lap, as that hot tongue works from the base to the head, lips pulled tight around him and it’s too much to watch.

It’s easier not to, as it turns out, because he has fight to keep his eyes open and without sight, his entire world narrows to the glorious sensory overload of slick, wet heat sliding around him.

“Luce….” He groans, tugging unconsciously at Lucifer’s short hair as his hips buck.

Lucifer makes a strangled noise around him, the hands around his hips tighten their hold and Michael forgets to breathe when Lucifer sucks him down, up and back again, throat constricting.

Michael growls frustration when he realises Lucifer’s pinned him to the bed and fists the hand in his hair, but Lucifer just chuckles and Michael’s spine melts as every muscle cords, the sound vibrating through his cock. He comes with a shout and for one long moment everything feels too tight, too good, and *fuck* Lucifer’s throat was still milking him.

When the lights fade from his eyes, he’s shaking, breaths short and Lucifer is wiping a thumb at the corner of his smirking mouth.

“What?” Michael glowers at him.

“You said ‘fuck’,” Lucifer rises up to kiss him, but Michael moves out of the way.

Now that his gut wasn’t pulled so tight, he was actually starting to feel nauseous. He regrets the sour red wine and the acute feel of it sloshing around in his empty stomach.

His head feels hot and cloudy.

Lucifer relents and kisses the corner of his mouth instead, still smirking.

“What else do you know?” Lucifer teases and pulls Michael’s jeans down and off him completely.

Michael watches Lucifer rid himself of his own sweatpants before he’s pulled to straddle Lucifer’s lap. He steadies himself with hands on Lucifer’s shoulders and looks into his brother’s face quite seriously.

“I think I’m going to be sick.”

Lucifer laughs and his hand strokes from Michael’s flank to his hip, and up his back.

“That’s not a curse, come on, Mike.”

He nips Michael’s ear and the first time their cocks brush together, still raw and sensitive, Lucifer’s hand wraps securely to squeeze and Michael’s stomach flips in a dangerous way.

He groans, fingers curling into Lucifer’s shoulders. It just gets worse when Lucifer thrusts against him, moan muffled into Michael’s neck, and the motion sets him off down the wrong road. His stomach curdles in a confusing mash of reawakening interest and nausea, but the nausea builds faster.

“No,” He protests, slightly panicked as a different flush of heat slithers through him and his mouth waters, “No, I’m going to be sick.”

Lucifer pulls back and his face goes slack with shock

“… You’re not kidding, are you?”

Michael pushes off him and tries to calculate how long he has to get to the bathroom. He’s just managed to reach the edge of the bed when he folds in half, throat seizing and Lucifer barely shoves the wastebasket under him when his stomach heaves.

He’d expected everything to come up red, same colour as it went down; it doesn’t. If Michael wasn’t so busy regurgitating what felt like acid, he might have laughed.

It somehow wasn’t as funny as it had been going down.

Distantly, he’s aware of Lucifer rubbing a hand over his back and muttering something in his ear, but he can’t make it out and he doesn’t care. He feels sick and awful and humiliated and the second his stomach gives him a respite, he grabs the wastebasket and locks himself in the bathroom.

Michael sits in the shower and turns the water on cold, heaving down the drain until he’s hacking dry and ignores the sound of Lucifer pounding at the door.

He shivers under the water, back to the tiles, and wraps his arms tightly around his uneasy stomach. He doesn’t dare move.

This must be what death feels like.

Michael forgets about the devil on the other side of the door and swears that if he lives through this, he’s never drinking again.